

# The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. I. NO. 46.

NORTHFIELD, MASS., MAY 13, 1910.

PRICE FIVE CENTS



This is KIDDER'S Space. He's so everlastin' busy he can't stop to write an ad. Guess every body knows about his bargains anyway. If YOU don't you'd better inquire of your neighbor.



**S. E. Whitmore**  
CALL IN AND SEE OUR

**Fruit**

**Vegetables**

**Pansies**

Everything for the table.

**HIGH QUALITY  
LOW PRICES**

**S. E. Whitmore**

**FOR SALE**

**HAMMOCKS**

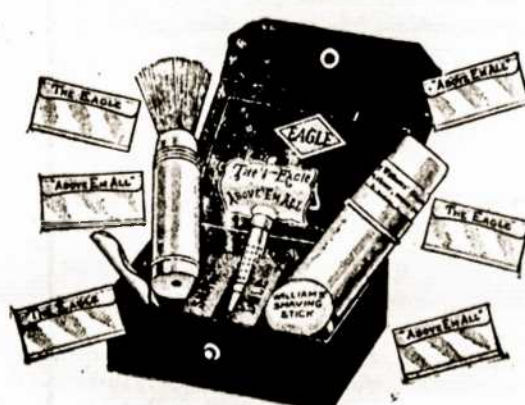
In a variety of **STYLES**  
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ranging from

**\$1.50 to \$3.50**

You will need a Hammock  
before long. Better buy it now.

**ROBBINS & EVANS**

EAST NORTHFIELD : : : MASS.



We will give this handsome  
Shaving Set FREE with all  
orders for Suits from our  
"made to measure" samples  
from now until July 1 1910.

**Don't Miss This**

**C. C. STEARNS**

**WEBSTER BLOCK**

GO TO...

**BASCOM'S**

THE HOUSE OF STYLE FOR  
UP-TO-DATE

**MILLINERY**

NEW GOODS ARRIVING EVERY WEEK

FIRST CLASS WORK AT  
REASONABLE PRICES.

83 Main Street, 2nd Floor  
BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT

Subscribe for THE PRESS

**A. W. PROCTOR**

We are showing an elegant line of men's

**"ELITE"**

Oxfords and two Eyelet Ties in Black  
Tan and London Smoke at  
**\$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.50**

**LADIES' OXFORDS SANDALS  
AND PUMPS**

in a large variety of colors and the  
latest styles;

**THE VANNESSA**

is our leader and is hard to beat.

**BOYS', MISSES AND**

**CHILDREN'S**

**SHOES AND OXFORDS**

at popular prices.

Have just received a very strong line of  
**STRAW HATS**

ranging in price from the farm hat at  
10 cents to a panama at

**\$4.50 and \$5.50**

**CHILDREN'S "ALL in 1"**

**ROMPERS and PLAY SUITS**

**\$50 \$1.00 \$1.50**

**COMPLETE**

**BASE BALL SUITS**

**AT \$1.00**

**A. W. PROCTOR**

DEAR MADAM:—This is my  
second letter to you regarding the cele-  
brated

**"EVANGELINE FLOUR"**

If you have not tried at least one sack,  
you should give me the order now and start  
economizing on your bread making.

Because—"Evangeline" Flour is stronger  
and richer in gluten than others; you  
should use one-sixth more milk or water  
than with any other flour; make the dough  
soft; do not knead very long; on the second  
rising in the pan do not let the dough  
come up quite to the top.

Now, if "Evangeline" Flour absorbs  
one-sixth more moisture than others, it will  
make one-sixth more bread, and therefore  
is more economical to use.

**TRY IT NOW**

Your money back if not satisfied.

**C. E. Williams.**

NORTHFIELD, MASS

**Bordeaux**

**Mixture**

**50 Gallons for \$1.**

**George's Pharmacy.**

## NORTHFIELD.

Get in the early vegetables.

Farmers report a good stand of  
grass.

In the early morning the song of the  
lawn mower is heard in the land.

Student Volunteer conference at Mt.  
Hermon tomorrow.

A. W. Wilsie was in town last Sun-  
day.

Roselle Evans has bought a new Buick  
runabout.

Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Mabie arrived  
Tuesday.

Mrs. Joseph Brigham is visiting her  
son Albert in Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Alvin George who is at Frost  
Hospital, Boston, is improving.

Mrs. A. E. Wright is spending a week  
at Nepaug, Conn.

The baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. F. B.  
Caldwell is improving rapidly.

The Labrador Society met at Mrs.  
Fitt's Friday evening.

Miss Hull was in New York and Dar-  
ien, Conn., last week.

Mrs. Fobare is visiting her daughter,  
Mrs. D. M. Proctor.

Paul Breinig has arrived and opened  
up his house for the season.

Miss Bessie Irish has returned from  
visiting friends in Brattleboro.

Elliot W. Brown goes to Boston to-  
morrow for his new Maxwell.

Mrs. J. E. French of Medford, N. H.,  
is visiting her daughter, Miss Gerda  
Huntton.

Miss Gertrude Ball entertained an  
auto party of cousins over Sunday.

Clifford Lyman of Worcester was  
home for the weekend last Sunday.

Mrs. C. J. Beach and Mrs. W. W.  
Coe are in New York City for a few  
days.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Howlett of  
Keene, N. H., are the guests of Mr and  
Mrs. H. A. Reed.

The probabilities are that July and  
August will be hot. If it don't rain they  
will also be dry. This is authoritative.

Decoration Day post cards at the  
PRESS store. A dozen varieties. "Hon-  
or the brave."

Walter Fisher has rented Mrs. Wil-  
liam Reed's house on Maple street and  
will occupy it June 1.

The contract for building the exten-  
sion to Glenwood Ave., has been let to  
F. C. Britton.

Dr. Elliott W. Brown preached in the  
First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore  
last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Franklin of  
Deerfield are the guests of Mr. and Mrs.  
H. A. McLean.

Harold Randall has given up the jan-  
itorship of the Unitarian Church. Clifford  
Chamberlain has taken his job.

Miss Green has returned from a visit  
to Worcester. Mrs. Frank Green and  
her son are visiting Mrs. C. H. Green.

May Day festivities at the Seminary,  
which were planned for last Monday,  
were postponed on account of the rain.

Miss Pauline Kendall who has spent  
the winter with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Ware  
returned to her home in Westmoreland.

Miss Florine Lyman and Mrs. Ella  
Stebbins Nash of Springfield, Mass.,  
spent Sunday at D. Everett Lyman's.

A game of base ball between North-  
field and Gill will be played to-morrow  
afternoon at 2.30 on the new high  
school grounds.

A. G. Moody attended the funeral of  
Horace B. Silliman of Cohoes, N. Y.,  
as representative of the schools. W. R.  
Moody was absent in Chicago.

Mrs. Julia Webster Briggs who form-  
erly lived in Northfield, has returned to  
her home in Springfield after a brief  
visit with Miss Lucy M. Webster.

Dr. and Mrs. N. P. Wood and Mr. and  
Mrs. A. W. Proctor and Mr. and Mrs.  
C. H. Webster are in Boston attending  
the Grand Chapter O. E. S.

There's music in the air because the  
Northfield band, under the leadership of  
J. W. Field is rehearsing some fine se-  
lections for Memorial Day.

Geo. N. Kidder & Co. have just re-  
ceived a new stock of Lime, Portland  
Cement and Pulp Plaster. Get prices.

Mrs. Hope Meade received a telegram  
last Sunday announcing the death of her  
cousin, Mrs. Elinor Meade Howells,  
wife of Wm. Dean Howells of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Dunnell went to  
Hyde Park, Mass., to attend the fun-  
eral of Mrs. Dunnell's brother-in-law,  
Frank Prouty, last Tuesday.

Northfield PRESS has just put on sale  
a line of new colored post cards, includ-  
ing the Town Hall, Center School, Home  
of D. L. Moody, Sunset on the Connecti-  
cut, etc.

The game of base ball on the new ball  
field last Saturday between Northfield  
and New Salem Academy, resulted in a  
victory for Northfield. Score, 7 to 6.

Miss Pauline Kendall, who has spent  
the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Ware, re-  
turned to her home in Westmoreland, N.  
H., a few days ago. Mrs. Ware accom-  
panied her.

The committee appointed at the March  
town meeting to investigate the prob-  
lem of street lighting is meeting with  
encouragement, and will probably have  
a report to make in a short time.

Arthur Phillips spent a day or two with  
his sister, Mrs. S. E. Walker, earlier in  
the week. He sails for England on the  
Minnewaska on Saturday with Mrs.  
Phillips and Judson.

The Franklin Co. Association of the  
W. R. C. met at Colrain Tuesday. Mrs.  
Ella M. Lazelle, Mrs. F. J. Stockbridge,  
Miss Thurston and Miss Dutton attend-  
ed from Northfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Evans have  
gone to Ludlow Vt., to visit Mr. and  
Mrs. Jay Archibald. Mr. Archibald  
was formerly in Northfield in business  
with C. C. Stearns.

If you get up early enough, about 3  
a. m., you may get a glimpse of the  
comet. That is, that is what people say.  
We cannot personally vouch for the  
accuracy of the statement; however.

Mr. Michael Malley has returned from  
spending the winter in Boston. Mr.  
and Mrs. Arthur E. Merrill are also  
here for the summer. Mr. Merrill is at  
present laid up with a severely sprained  
ankle.

Greenfield was visited last Saturday  
by a very disastrous fire that swept  
across the lower end of the town with  
great rapidity, owing to a high wind at  
the time. The property loss is estimat-  
ed at \$70,000.

Mrs. L. R. Smith was elected vice-  
president of the Franklin Co. branch of  
the Woman's Board of Missions, at the  
annual meeting in Greenfield last Tues-  
day. Mrs. Higgins was elected secre-  
tary of junior work.

Railroad fares will go up on all the  
roads beginning June 1. All the sched-  
ules are not yet out, but some idea of  
the raise can be gathered from the new  
rate from South Vernon to Boston, \$2.90  
instead of the present rate, \$2.40.

Patronize the home merchants and  
local advertisers when possible. They  
are your neighbors and friends, and at  
least a portion of the money you spend  
with them is liable to come back into  
your hands.

The Polyorama of Wonderland ex-  
hibited at the Town Hall last Wednes-  
day evening before a fair sized audience  
gave a clean entertainment that was  
instructive, entertaining and amusing.  
Prof. Chandler, the proprietor, talked  
on the scenes thrown on the screen in  
an interesting manner. The astronomi-  
cal pictures were enjoyed by those of  
a scientific turn of mind, the wonders  
of the earth and sea by those of a prac-  
tical turn, the beauties of nature by  
those of a poetic temperament and the  
comical ones by the future men and  
women of probably the most beautiful  
town in the United States.

Houses For Garbage and Ash Cans.  
Things that tend to keep the outside  
of a house in a neat and tidy condition  
add to the good appearance of a town.  
In many towns industrious citizens  
build small wooden houses much on  
the style of a dog kennel to hold their  
garbage cans and ash cans. They have  
two lids and two doors to allow easy  
access. There is no bottom. Instead  
the whole thing stands on a small  
brick pavement, which may be easily  
washed with the garden hose; conse-  
quently there is never any odor. Some  
people use wooden bottoms. They also  
have a smell.

## RECEPTION TO NEW PASTOR

**Handsome Decorations And a Musical  
Program of Merit.**

The reception given by the people of  
the Unitarian church to their new pas-  
tor, Rev. Arthur E. Wilson and Mrs.  
Wilson, last Monday evening, was a  
most enjoyable affair, and was well at-  
tended in spite of the fact that a very  
popular lecturer was in East Northfield  
the same evening. The church had  
been handsomely decorated by the  
ladies and a fine musical program under  
the direction of Mrs. C. H. Webster  
and Miss Daisy Dickinson was given.  
Delicious ice cream, punch and cake  
were served. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson re-  
sponded heartily to the cordial greetings  
of their new friends and made a most  
favorable impression upon all. They  
are worthy successors of Rev. and Mrs.  
D. M. Wilson whose recent departure  
for Kennebunk, Maine, was deplored  
not only by the church but by the com-  
munity. We bid them welcome to  
Northfield.

## New Telephones.

The following new telephones have re-  
cently been installed;

Henry Moore Cottage, 56.

Ira Hoxie, 47-11.

John Phelps, 20.

George Dunnell, 9-11.

John A. Fisher, 19-12.

Mrs. E. M. Lazell, Sr., 13-11.

John Callaghan, 7-2.

Mrs. Homer DeWolf, 57-2.

Mrs. A. E. Wright, 57-3.

L. R. Smith, 51-4.

Mrs. Cora M. Adams, 51-3.

L. S. Chafer, 19-13.

Rev. Arthur Wilson, 58-3.

Dwight L. Preston, 58-2.

Miss Ella Leonard, 52-2.

F. W. Kellogg, 26-24.

H. D. Waldron, 26-23.

## County Tax Apportionment.

The county commissioners have ap-  
portioned the county tax among the  
towns as follows, cents omitted: Ash-  
field, \$1186; Bernardston, \$856; Buck-  
land, \$1383; Charlemont, \$988; Colrain,  
\$1449; Conway, \$1317; Deerfield, \$3228;  
Erving, \$1779; Gill, \$856; Greenfield,  
\$17791; Hawley, \$359; Heath, \$329; Lev-  
erett, \$593; Leyden, \$329; Monroe, \$329;  
Montague, \$7775; New Salem, \$658;  
Northfield, \$2372; Orange, \$7248; Rowe,  
\$395; Shelburne, \$2240; Shutesbury,  
\$461; Sunderland, \$988; Warwick, \$724;  
Wendell, \$491; Whately, \$922, making  
a total of \$57,000.

## JUST READ 'EM OVER.

**A Couple of Queries and Answers of  
Interest to Many People.**

Q. When you buy in your home  
town the goods you need, whom do  
you help? A. Yourself and your  
neighbor—yourself because part of  
the money spent at home is likely to  
find its way back into your own pocket,  
your neighbor because he has to  
rely upon home trade for a livelihood  
for himself and his family.

Q. When you send your money to  
the city, to the mail order houses,  
whom do you benefit and whom do  
you harm? A. You benefit a man who  
cares only for your money and nothing  
about yourself. You are likely to  
harm yourself because you have to  
take the word of a stranger that the  
goods which he will send you are the  
same as those he advertises.

## Uniformity in Sidewalks.

In some towns the excellent custom  
is practiced of securing uniformity of  
sidewalks by having all the work of  
repairing old and laying new walks  
done under the supervision of a side-  
walk committee.

TRYING to get warm by looking at  
the street lamps is about as satisfy-  
ing as trying to get to heaven on  
your wife's religion.

A good wife is one who can make a  
good pie or a good cake or a good hus-  
band.

## Hereditary.

Honx—Poor old Henpecke has to  
mind the baby. Joax—Yes. It's won-  
derful how that baby takes after its  
mother.—Philadelphia Record.

All affectation is the attempt of pov-  
erty to appear rich.



# Through The Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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Coquenil's curiosity was stirred. What desperate purpose lurked behind his self confident mask? Could it be that he knew the assassin or—was he the assassin?

Wondering thus, M. Paul opened the tendered envelope and saw that it contained a bundle of thousand franc notes.

"There is a large sum here," "Fifty thousand francs. It's for you, and as much more will be handed you the day you sail for Brazil. This sum is a bonus in addition to the salary already fixed. And, remember, you have a life position there with a brilliant chance of fame."

Coquenil snapped his fingers. "I don't care that for fame. I'm going to work out this case for the sheer joy of doing it."

"You will never work out this case!" "Why not?"

"Because you will not be allowed to. It's doubtful if you could work it out, but there's a chance that you could, and we don't purpose to take that chance."

He paused as if to check too vehement an utterance, and M. Paul caught a threatening gleam in his eyes that he long remembered.

"Why?" "If you do you will be thwarted at every turn; you will be made to suffer in ways you do not dream of, through those who are dear to you, through your dog, through your mother!"

"You dare"—cried Coquenil. "We dare anything," flashed the stranger. "I'm daring something now, am I not? Don't you suppose I know what you are thinking? Well, I take the risk because—because you are intelligent. It is hopeless for you to struggle against our knowledge and our resources, quite hopeless. We have, for example, the fullest information about you and your life down to the smallest detail."

"Yes?" answered Coquenil. "What's the name of my old servant?" "Melanie."

"What's the name of the canary bird I gave her last week?" "It isn't a canary bird; it's a bullfinch, and its name is Pete."

"Not bad, not at all bad," muttered the other, and the twinkle in his eyes faded.

"We know the important things, too—all that concerns you from your forced resignation two years ago down to your talk yesterday with the girl at Notre Dame. We know exactly the moment when you are weak and un-



HIS TRAINED FINGERS SOUGHT THE PAINFUL PRESSURE POINTS.

prepared, as I know now that you are unarmed because you left that pistol with Papa Tignol."

For a moment Coquenil was silent and then, "Here's your money," he said, returning the envelope.

"Stubborn fellow! And unbelieving! You doubt our power against you. Come, I will give you a glimpse of it. Suppose you try to arrest me. You have been thinking of it, now act. Well, do your duty. I want to show you that even in so simple an effort against us as this you would inevitably fail."

The man's impudence was passing all bounds. "You mean that I cannot arrest you?" menaced Coquenil.

"Precisely. I mean that with all your cleverness and with a distinct advantage in position here on the Champs Elysees, with policemen all about us, you cannot arrest me."

"We'll see about that," answered M. Paul grimly. "M. Coquenil, you will probably never see me again, but you will hear from me. Now blow your whistle." Coquenil was puzzled. If this was a

bluff it was the maddest, most incomprehensible bluff that a criminal ever made. The detective paused to think. They had come down the Champs Elysees and were nearing the Rond point, the best guarded part of Paris, where the shrill summons of his police call would be answered almost instantly.

"There is no hurry, I suppose," said the detective. "I'd like to ask a question or two."

Coquenil was studying his adversary. That beard? Could it be false? And the hands, the arms? He had watched these from the first, noting every movement, particularly the left hand and the left arm, but he had detected nothing significant.

"I wonder if you have anything against me personally?" inquired M. Paul.

"On the contrary," declared the other, "we admire you and wish you well."

"But you threaten my dog?"

"If necessary, yes."

"And my mother?"

"If necessary."

The decisive moment had come, for just then there shot around the corner from the Avenue Montaigne a large red automobile, which crossed the Champs Elysees slowly, turning into the Avenue Gabrielle, and stopped under the chestnut trees. Like a flash it came into the detective's mind that the same automobile had passed them once before some streets back. On the front seat were two men, strong looking fellows, accomplices, no doubt.

"I ask because"—began M. Paul with his indifferent drawl; then, swiftly drawing his whistle, he sounded a danger call. The stranger sprang away, but Coquenil was on him in a bound. The bearded man, with a great heave of his shoulders, broke the detective's grip, then suddenly he attacked, smiling for the neck with the open hand held sideways in the treacherous cleaving blow that the Japanese use. Coquenil ducked forward. "He struck with his right," thought M. Paul.

At the same moment he felt his adversary's hand close on his throat and rejoiced, for he knew the deadly jitsu reply to this. Hardening his neck muscles until they covered the delicate parts beneath like bands of steel, the detective seized his enemy's extended arm in his two hands, one at the wrist, one at the elbow, and as his trained fingers sought the painful pressure points his two free arms started a resistless torsion movement on the captured arm. There is no escape from this movement, no enduring its excruciating pain. Slowly the stranger felt the tendons stretching, the bones cracking, in this helpless right arm. A few seconds more and the end would come, a few seconds more and—then a crashing, shattering pain drove through Coquenil's lower heart region, and he sank weakly to the ground. His enemy had done an extraordinary thing—had delivered a blow not provided for in jitsu tactics. In spite of the torsion torture he had swung his free arm under the detective's lifted guard, not in Yokohama style, but in the best manner of the old English prize ring, his clinched fist falling full on the unguarded solar plexus nerves. And Coquenil dropped with this thought: "It was the left that spoke then."

As he sank to the ground M. Paul tried to save himself, and, seizing his opponent by the leg, he held him desperately, but the spasms of pain overcame him, and he felt the clutched leg slipping from his grasp. Then as consciousness faded he rallied in a last fierce effort, and he bit the man deeply under the knee.

When Coquenil came to himself he was lying on the ground and several policemen were bending over him. He lifted his head weakly and looked about him. The stranger was gone; the automobile was gone. And suddenly it flashed through his mind that he had been outwitted from the first; that the man's purpose had not been at all what it seemed to be; that a hand to hand conflict was precisely what the stranger had sought and planned for, because—because—In feverish haste Coquenil felt in his breast pocket for the envelope with the precious leather fragments. It was not there. Then quickly he searched his other pockets. It was not there. The envelope containing the woman's name and address was gone.

## CHAPTER VIII.

GIBELIN SCORES A POINT.

THE next day all Paris buzzed and wondered about this Ansonia affair, as it was called.

Shortly before 9 by the white clock over the columned entrance to the Palais de Justice M. Paul passed through the great iron and gilt barrier that fronts the street and, turning to the left, mounted the wide stone stairway. Two flights up the detective found himself in a spacious corridor off which opened seven doors leading to the offices of seven judges. Seven! Strange this resemblance to the fatal corridor at the Ansonia! And stranger still that Judge Hauteville's office should be No. 6!

Judge Hauteville presently arrived. "You look serious this morning," he said, remarking Coquenil's pale face. "Yes," nodded M. Paul, "that's how I feel," and, settling himself in a chair, he proceeded to relate the events of the night.

The judge listened with grave attention. "You believe it was the assassin himself who met you?" he questioned.

"Don't you?"

"I'm not sure. You think his motive was to get the woman's address?"

"Isn't that reasonable?"

Hauteville shook his head. "He wouldn't have risked so much for that. How did he know that you hadn't copied the name and given it to one of us—say to me?"

"Ah, if I only had!" sighed the detective.

"How did he know that you wouldn't remember the name? Can't you remember it at all?"

"That's what I've been trying to do," replied the other gloomily. "I've tried and tried, but the name won't come back."

An hour before, as arranged the previous night, Papa Tignol had started out to search for Kittredge's lodgings, since the American, when questioned by Gibelin at the prison, had obstinately refused to tell where he lived, and an examination of his quarters was a matter of immediate importance. It was not Papa Tignol, however, who was to furnish this information, but the discomfited Gibelin, whose presence in the outer office was at this moment announced.

A moment later Coquenil's fat, red haired rival entered with a smile of triumph.

"Ah, you have news for us!" exclaimed the judge.

Gibelin beamed. "I haven't wasted my time," he nodded. Then, with a



HE PRODUCED HOLSTER AND PISTOL AND LAID THEM BEFORE THE JUDGE.

sarcastic glance at Coquenil, "The old school has its good points, after all. Although I am no longer in charge of this case," rasped the fat man, "I suppose there is no objection to my rendering my distinguished associate," he bowed mockingly to M. Paul, "such assistance as is in my power. I happened to hear that this American has a room on the Rue Racine, and I just looked in there."

"Ah!" said the judge, and Coquenil rubbed his glasses nervously.

"Our friend lives at the Hotel des Etrangers, near the corner of the Boulevard St. Michel," went on Gibelin.

"You examined his things?"

"Pour sur! I spent an hour there."

"Well, well," broke in M. Paul, "what did you discover?"

Gibelin lifted his pudgy hands deprecatingly. "For one thing I discovered a photograph of the woman who was in No. 6 with Martinez."

"The devil!" cried Coquenil.

"It is not of much importance, since already you have the woman's name and address." He shot a keen glance at his rival.

M. Paul was silent. What humiliation was this!

"How do you know it is the woman's photograph?" questioned the judge.

"I'll tell you," replied Gibelin. "I suppose you know that when this woman slipped out of the Ansonia she drove directly to the house where we arrested the American. You knew that?" He turned to Coquenil.

"No."

"Well, I happened to speak to the concierge there and she remembers perfectly a lady in a raincoat like the one this woman escaped in. This lady sent a note by the concierge up to the apartment of the sacristan's wife, where M. Kittredge was calling on Alice. The note was for M. Kittredge. He hurried down, white as a sheet, and drove off with the lady. Later they stopped at his hotel, and he went up to his room two steps at a time. And Jean, the garcon, had a good look at her, and he told Rose, the chambermaid, and she recognized her as the woman whose photograph she had seen in the American's room."

"Ah, that's lucky!" rejoined the judge. "And you have this photograph?"

"No, but"—"You said you found it," put in Coquenil.

"I did—that is, I found a piece of it, a corner that wasn't burned."

"Burned?" cried the others.

"Yes," said Gibelin; "that's what Kittredge went upstairs for, to burn the photograph and a lot of letters—her letters probably. The fireplace was full of fresh ashes. Rose says it was clean before he went up, so I picked out the best fragments. Here they are."

He drew a small package from his pocket and, opening it carefully, showed a number of charred or half burned pieces of paper on which words in a woman's handwriting could be plainly read.

"More fragments!" muttered Coquenil, examining them. "It's in English. Ah, is this part of the photograph?" He picked out a piece of cardboard.

"Yes. You see the photographer's name is on it."

"Watts, Regent street, London," deciphered the detective. "That is something." And, turning to the judge: "Wouldn't it be a good idea to send a man to London with this? You can make out part of a lace skirt and the tip of a slipper. It might be enough."

"That's true," agreed Hauteville.

"Whoever goes," continued Coquenil, "had better carry with him the five pound notes found on Martinez and see if he can trace them through the Bank of England. They often take the names of persons to whom their notes are issued."

"Excellent. I'll see to it at once," and, ringing for his secretary, the judge gave orders to this effect.

To all of which Gibelin listened with a mocking smile. "But why so much trouble," he asked, "when you have the woman's name and address already?"

"I had them, and I—I lost them," acknowledged M. Paul, and in a few words he explained what had happened.

"Oh," sneered the other, "I thought you were a skilled wrestler!"

"Come back to the point," put in Hauteville. "Had the chambermaid ever seen this lady before?"

"Yes, but not recently. It seems that Kittredge moved to the Hotel des Etrangers about seven months ago, and soon after that she saw the lady with him. She says the lady was young and good looking."

Gibelin chuckled harshly. "I have kept the most important thing for the last. I'm afraid it will annoy my distinguished colleague even more than the loss of the leather fragments. I have found the owner of the pistol that killed Martinez."

Coquenil started.

"I should tell you also that the balls from that pistol are identical with the ball extracted from the body. The autopsy proves it, so Dr. Joubert says. And this pistol belongs in a leather holster that I found in Mr. Kittredge's room. Dr. Joubert let me take the pistol for verification and—there, you can see for yourselves."

With this he produced the holster and the pistol and laid them before the judge. There was no doubt about it, the two objects belonged together. Various worn places corresponded, and the weapon fitted in its case. "Besides," continued Gibelin, "the chambermaid identifies this pistol as the property of the American. He always kept it in a certain drawer. She noticed it there a few days ago, but yesterday it was gone, and the holster was empty."

"It looks bad," muttered the judge. He spoke abruptly to Gibelin, "Did you see about his boots?"

"No; I thought you would send to the prison and get the pair he wore last night."

"How do you know he didn't change his boots when he burned the letters? Go back to his hotel and see if they noticed a muddy pair in his room this morning. Bring me whatever boots of his you find. Also stop at the depot and get the pair he had on when arrested. Be quick!"

"I will," answered Gibelin, and he went out, pausing at the door to salute M. Paul mockingly. The latter soon followed to see if the casts of the footprints had been completed.

Then for nearly an hour the judge buried himself in the details of this case. He also began notes of questions that he wished to ask Kittredge and was deep in these when the clerk entered to inform him that Coquenil and Gibelin had returned. They entered. Coquenil was silent, but Gibelin replied exultingly: "We have found a pair of Kittredge's boots that absolutely correspond with the plaster casts of the alleyway footprints. Everything is identical—the shape of the sole, the nails in the heel, the worn places—everything."

Continued next week

What Bothers Him.

"There's two things about this blamed grapefruit that I can't understand," said Uncle Jerry Peebles. "One is that it's called 'grape' fruit and the other is that it's called grape 'fruit.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Manners were defined by Sydney Smith as the shadows of virtue.

Surprised Her. A gentleman who had spent the greater portion of his life in Canada relates an amusing experience which befell him.

He had been on a hunting expedition for several days in the backwoods, roughing it rather severely, and on taking a seat in a railway train returning homeward he looked as begrimed and weather beaten a trapper as ever brought his skins into a settlement.

He happened to find a seat next to a young lady, evidently belonging to Boston, who, after taking stock of him for a few minutes, remarked:

"Don't you find an utterly passionate sympathy with nature's mountains and the dim aisles of the horizon—touching forests, my good man?"

"Oh, yes," replied the apparent backwoodsman, "and also I am frequently drawn into an exaltation of rapt soulfulness and beatific incandescent infinity of abstract contiguity when my horse stumbles."

"Indeed!" said the young lady, much surprised. "I had no idea the lower classes felt like that."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Night Blindness.

Inability to see by day is matched by the commoner night blindness which most of us have known in friend or relative. This defect, which includes an inability to see even by artificial light, is congenital with some people and never overcome. It is often hereditary. It may also be caused, however, by long exposure to an overbright light, coupled with fatigue. A strange story is told concerning a ship's crew two centuries ago which were overcome by night blindness so extreme that their captain was obliged to force a fight with a Spanish privateer during the day, knowing that by night his men would be helpless. In order to obviate this difficulty for future occasions he ordered each sailor to keep one eye bound during the daytime, discovering, to his gratification, that this eye, having rested, was then free of the defect. The sailors were very amusing in their efforts to retain the bandage well over the eye that must be ready for night duty, and so a method of modifying this trouble was discovered—London Strand Magazine.



COLUMBIA

DISC RECORDS ARE

Double - Discs



2 records at a single price 65c

Don't spend another cent for talking-machine records until you have seen and heard Columbia Double-Disc Records. They fit any machine, and outwear any other records in the world. Double value for your money! Call in! Get a catalog!

NORTHFIELD PRESS  
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RUBEROID  
THE  
PIONEER PREPARED  
ROOFING  
DURABLE, WEATHER-PROOF, FIRE-RESISTING  
CHEAPER THAN METAL OR SHINGLES.  
WEARS LONGER. NO TAR OR PAPER.  
WILL NOT MELT, ROT OR CRACK.  
SOLD BY A. W. PROCTOR.



## The Evolution of Booster Bill

### III.—Bill Goes After New Industries

When old Bill Blue got a new view  
The thing transformed him through and  
through.  
He took a public spirit pill.  
That made a BOOSTER out of Bill.



Said he, "To me 'tis very clear  
WE NEED SOME NEW INDUS-  
TRIES HERE."

And so he advertised and planned  
And sent out writeups through the  
land.

Replies came fast, and now arise  
New factory stacks to meet the skies.  
"As a town tonic, why, gee whizz,"  
Says Bill, "PRINT INK'S THE BEST  
THAT IS."

## HILDA THE HELPER

### III.—She Booms the Town

Hilda the Helper settled down ex-  
actly as she useter, except that  
for her native town henceforth  
she was a booster.



SHE BOOMED THE BURG IN EV-  
ERY WAY; she praised it, tongue  
and letter; she strove with each  
succeeding day to make the vil-  
lage better.

She lent her aid to every cause that  
was in need of aiding. SHE  
WENT AHEAD WITHOUT A  
PAUSE, and work was never jad-  
ing.

**A Gambler's Philosophy.**  
"There's no use in trying to buck  
against bad luck," said the success-  
ful gambler as he put down his glass  
of vichy and milk. "If you see luck is  
going against you, drop out. If the  
fickle goddess of fortune is with you,  
woo her for all you are worth. That's  
the whole secret of the game. I've  
been gambling all my life, and I rarely  
lose. Why? Because I never take a  
chance against bad luck. Luck is  
bound to be either with you or against  
you. You win or you lose. The  
chances of breaking even are mighty  
slim. So I never buck bad luck."—  
New York Times.

**How Inspiration Works.**  
"This sea poem of yours fairly  
smacks of the salt gale. It is palpably  
the result of genuine inspiration. You  
evidently planned it while upon the  
bounding deep."  
"Well, to tell you the truth," said  
the poet, "I got the idea one day while  
sitting in a shop having my shoes cob-  
bled."—New York Journal.

**Could Have Got It More Easily.**  
Mrs. Newlywed—People are saying  
that you married me for my gold. Mr.  
Newlywed—What nonsense! If I'd  
simply wanted gold I could have got  
it with far less hardship and suffering  
in South Africa or Alaska.—Scraps.

### FLIGHT OF THE EARTH.

Rushing Through Space at the Rate of  
a Million Miles a Day.

Our dear old earth, which seems im-  
movable and solid as we go about our  
daily work or travel over its furrowed  
surface, is yet spinning and rolling  
and swaying in complex but orderly  
motion. Its axial rotation gives us  
day and night. Its circuit round the  
sun brings the seasons and the year.  
The circling of the poles produces the  
procession of the equinoxes. The  
planets perturb in its courses. The  
plane of its orbit sways up and down,  
and its perihelion is slowly shifted.  
The moon swings round a center  
of gravity common to both, while the  
sun and all our system speed onward  
to some far distant goal. And, if the  
bright star in the constellation Taurus  
is the central point round which this  
vast orbit sweeps, then Alcyone is the  
center of the universe for us.

As far as astronomers can judge,  
this motion through the vast abyss of  
interstellar space is at the rate of  
about a million miles a day, and it is  
in the direction of the constellation  
Hercules. The motion through space  
is believed to be away from Argus and  
toward Hercules. Some have thought  
that Alcyone in the Pleiades is some-  
where near the center of the vast cir-  
cuit swept over by the sun and his at-  
tendant worlds. If this is true, that  
beautiful star as it silently twinkles  
in the constellation Taurus becomes  
of surpassing interest to mankind.—  
Chicago Tribune.

### HE WAS NOT IMMORTAL.

A Test That Proved It Was Possible to  
Kill a Spaniard.

Early in the sixteenth century the  
natives of Porto Rico plotted to kill  
the Spaniards on the island. There  
was much doubt, however, as to  
whether or not it was possible to kill  
a Spaniard. Many of the natives in-  
sisted that it was not. Finally it was  
decided to make an experiment.

A young Spaniard who was passing  
through an Indian village was hospita-  
bly received and fed, and then a num-  
ber of natives accompanied him on his  
journey. When he arrived at a  
river his companions offered to carry  
him across.

The young man accepted and was  
taken up by two men and carried into  
the water on their shoulders. Arriv-  
ing near the middle of the river, they  
threw him in and held him down until  
he ceased to struggle.

Then they carried him ashore with  
profuse apologies, loudly proclaiming  
that they stumbled by accident and  
calling upon him to arise and continue  
his journey. But the young man did  
not move, and finally the natives were  
convinced that he was actually dead.

Having secured the proof they want-  
ed, the leaders of the rebellion at once  
began a general attack upon the Span-  
iards.—Blackwood's Magazine.

### Unearned Gratitude.

A sample of the late Dr. William  
Everett's caustic repartee:

"I always experience a sense of deep  
obligation to you whenever I meet you  
or hear of you," said George Babbitt  
to Dr. Everett one morning when they  
found themselves pacing the deck of  
an ocean steamer together.

"Why so?" piped the doctor.  
"Because," said Mr. Babbitt, "I re-  
call that I was once so fortunate as to  
win the Boylston prize for oratory at  
Harvard, and you were chairman of  
the board of judges."

"I remember it perfectly well," re-  
joined the brusque doctor. "The  
judges were five in number. At the  
conclusion of the speaking we retired to  
consider the merits of the contest-  
ants. It was moved that you be  
awarded a first prize. On that motion  
the vote was 3 to 2 in your favor. I  
was one of the two."—Boston Tran-  
script.

### Bleeding by Bowshot.

That all diseases can be cured by  
bleeding is still firmly believed by sev-  
eral savage tribes and especially by  
the Papuan negroes. When one of  
their physicians becomes convinced  
that it is necessary to bleed a patient  
he goes several feet in front of him,  
and then, drawing his bow, he fits a  
sharp pointed arrow to it and, after  
careful aim, fires the arrow into the  
vein which he desires to open. The  
arrow, it is said, invariably goes  
straight to the mark, and the thorn or  
splinter of glass with which it is tip-  
ped does the work as successfully as a  
lancet. Moreover, the patients never  
show the slightest fear, since they are  
convinced that from the moment the  
arrows pierce their veins they will be-  
gin to recover.

### The Producer.

"It must be annoying to have to ask  
your husband for money," said the in-  
trusive woman.  
"I wouldn't think of doing so," re-  
plied Mrs. Cumrox. "We insist on  
family games of bridge and in that  
way avoid being under the slightest  
obligations for what he contributes."—  
Washington Star.

There is nothing so powerful as ex-  
ample. We put others straight by  
walking straight ourselves. — Mme.  
Swetchine.

### HIS DEATH SCENE.

A Stage Performance That Took Place  
Under Difficulties.

In an article on burlesquing in the  
Wide World Magazine P. R. Eaton de-  
scribes a performance which took  
place under certain difficulties.

There had been an ice cream sociable  
just prior to our arrival in the hall,  
and no one had cleaned the stage.  
Mac had a new pair of broadcloth  
trousers and my scarlet tunic, also  
new. When a shot was fired he was  
to fall and before dying confess that  
he had killed old Fitzgerald.

The juvenile down front was not to  
speak till Mac had fallen and con-  
fessed. There he stood while Mac  
staggered about the stage looking for  
a clean place on which to fall. Mixed  
in with his lines he was making re-  
marks to us in the wings sotto voce,  
while we were convulsed with laugh-  
ter at his antics.

"I cannot die—oh, why didn't you  
have a grass mat?—I must not die—I  
shall ruin my breeches—I can't die—  
oh, this stage is afoot with ice cream  
—I must—not—die."

Here the juvenile put in some side  
remarks of his own. "Oh, hurry up  
and die or I'll walk off!"

"Go ahead," retorted Mac, "and bring  
me a sack. I must—not—die. Well, if  
I must here goes—it's ruin to your  
tunic, Perce, and my breeches—oh,  
oh!" (He went down on one knee,  
then on one elbow and finally lay full  
length.) "The deed is done—I confess  
—I—murdered—Old Fitzgerald"—A real-  
istic shiver and all was over, including  
the ruining of our clothes, as prophe-  
sied. The natives said it was the  
"best and most likeliest death scene  
that had ever been given in that  
town."

### THE MUSKRAT.

More People Trap This Little Animal  
Than Any Other.

In America nearly 10,000 people trap  
the musquash, or muskrat, every year.  
More people trap this little animal  
than any other. It is claimed that the  
greatest number of skins are taken in  
Minnesota and the Red river district.  
Most of the pelts are exported.

The skins are very uniform in color,  
usually a dark brown. However, those  
of Alaska and the Mackenzie district  
are very light in color. The black  
pelts or those which are nearly so  
come from the southern sections, al-  
though occasionally a few are found in  
other localities.

The muskrat is very prolific. In  
some latitudes, says Fur News, it has  
three litters of young in a summer and  
from three to five young in each litter.  
The animals are nocturnal in their  
habits, but are often seen during the  
day. Musquash, it is said, thrive best  
in sluggish streams, lakes and marsh-  
es. In appearance it is very much like  
the beaver, and its habits are very  
similar.

The muskrats that inhabit the ponds,  
marshes and shallow lakes build their  
houses of grass, weeds, etc., and plaster  
them together with mud. The  
house is built in the shape of a dome  
and is usually several feet above the  
water. The musquash that lives along  
the streams usually has its home in  
the banks of them. The entrance to  
this den is almost always beneath the  
water, but as the burrows range up-  
ward the dens are never filled with  
water except in times of freshets.

### Color Blindness.

One thing is definitely shown by the  
tests that have been made for color  
blindness in various races—no race,  
however primitive, has been discov-  
ered in which red-green blindness was  
the universal or general condition, and  
this is a fact of some interest in con-  
nection with the physiology of color  
vision, for it seems probable that red-  
green blindness since it is not by any  
means a diseased condition represents  
a reversion to a more primitive state  
of the color sense. If this is so no race  
of men remains in the primitive stages  
of the evolution of the color sense. The  
development of a color sense substan-  
tially to the condition in which we  
have it was probably a prehuman  
achievement.—Professor R. S. Wood-  
worth in Science.

### Encouraged.

Old Lady—I want you to take back  
that parrot you sold me. I find that  
it swears very badly. Bird Dealer—  
Well, madam, it's a very young bird.  
It'll learn to swear better when it's  
a bit older.—Human Life.

### A Good Deal of a Change.

A man who sent us a poem begin-  
ning "When twilight dews are falling  
fast upon the rosy len" has since mar-  
ried Rosa Lee, and now the weekly  
dues are falling faster upon him.

A wise man never loses anything if  
he has himself.—Montaigne.

### The Usual Residue.

Hampton—Was anything left after  
the debts of Millionaire Flammer were  
paid? Harter—Yes; his relatives were.  
—Lippincott's.

Have a purpose in life and, having  
it, throw such strength of mind and  
muscle into your work as God has giv-  
en you.—Carlyle.

## Wall Paper

¶ The influence of environment is most fully exemplified in the home.

¶ The wall paper is one of the most potent factors; its selection, therefore, of the most vital importance.

¶ The Alfred Peats "Prize" Wall Papers cover the widest range of patterns, coloring and price.

¶ The new crown and panel effects, "cut outs" and scenic friezes, now so popular, are the latest ideas in home decoration.

¶ Samples brought to your home and estimates furnished upon request.

**H. L. BRIGHAM, AGENT,**  
Painting, Papering, Calomining, &c.  
By the Day or Job.

### PERT PARAGRAPHS.

NO matter how glaring the fault,  
don't make the mistake of think-  
ing that your dearest friend would ap-  
preciate having it pointed out to him.

VANITY puts starch in the back-  
bone and spring in the step while  
it is getting the black eye from the  
neighbors.

The reason why man doesn't under-  
stand women is simple enough—he has  
a subconscious knowledge that if he  
did it would be up to him to do differ-  
ently, and, being just man, he would  
rather not.

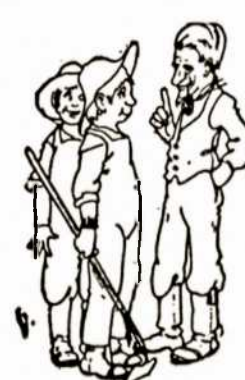
A graft at any game would pull  
down a wad or not be a graft.

If we were to have more laws should  
we need more lawyers?

Common sense must be aristocratic,  
seeing that it is so seldom met with  
and used.

It is easy to be cheerful when some-  
body else is standing the strain.

Being good is sufficient to keep most  
of us busy for an indefinite length of  
time.



### Discovered Some- thing.

"Pa, who dis-  
covered the north  
pole?"  
"Peary, I sup-  
pose."  
"What did  
Cook discover?"  
"That the world  
likes to be hum-  
bugged."

### An Uprising.

I well remember when a lad  
Without a thought of care,  
When going all about the place  
As free as summer air,  
About the time when I was eight  
Or maybe nine or ten  
I sat down on a bumblebee  
And then got up again.

Yes, as I recollect it now,  
Though it was long ago,  
I got right up; I didn't wait  
Till I was asked to go.  
In fact, no one requested me.  
I seemed to understand  
That it was quite the thing to do  
Just at that time to stand.

As I observed, I didn't need  
Directions printed clear  
Or any little helpful hints  
From dad or mother dear.  
I just arose without advice  
From where it chanced I sat,  
Got up all of my own accord  
And let it go at that.

I am not bragging on the thing  
Or saying it was smart  
In me at such a tender age  
To play so sage a part.  
I simply am recording it  
Out plain before all men—  
I sat down on a bumblebee,  
And I arose again.

### The Mean Thing!

"He won't take care of baby."  
"He won't!"  
"No."  
"The unnatural man!"  
"Isn't he? And that's not the worst?"  
"No!"  
"No; he says he'll send baby to the  
pound before he'll buy a license."

### The Ruling Passion.

"He wants the earth."  
"What would he do with it if he  
had it?"  
"Don't you know?"  
"No."  
"He would lay it out in town lots  
and start one big boom town."

**COLUMBIA**  
Indestructible  
Cylinder Records

35c

35c

**Fit Your Machine  
and Last Forever**

Purer, clearer, more brilliant  
tone. Call for a catalog.  
A splendid repertoire to  
choose from—and we are add-  
ing to it right along.

Northfield Press

**Offering an Inducement.**  
"What is the price of photographs?"  
"They are \$3.50 with or \$3 without."  
"With or without what?"  
"Well, you see, we make a half dol-  
lar reduction for any one who doesn't  
say that he supposes his face will  
break the camera."

**Wanted to Be Sure.**  
"These are just the hens you want,"  
said the dealer.  
"Are they guaranteed?" asked the  
amateur farmer.  
"Oh, yes."  
"Are you sure they won't lay storage  
eggs?"

**The Ideal**  
"My, but I am sick!"  
"Do you feel so bad?"  
"I should say I do."  
"You aren't going to have appendi-  
citis, are you?"  
"Mercy, do you take me for a mil-  
lionaire?"

**Johnny's Choice.**  
"Johnny?"  
"Hump?"  
"What yer gunto be w'en ye git  
growed up?"  
"Me?"  
"Sure."  
"Bad."

**Looking Ahead.**  
"Lend me a dollar."  
"What for?"  
"To pay a bill."  
"All right if you know somewhere to  
borrow one to pay it back."



## THE NORTHFIELD PRESS

A Weekly Newspaper.

W. W. Coe A. P. Fitt

NORTHFIELD - MASSACHUSETTS

Entered as second class matter.

One dollar a year in advance. Foreign, \$1.50. Single copies, 5 cents.

Proctor Block Telephone 4-5

FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1910

## Village Improvement Society.

At a meeting of the executive committee of this society last Tuesday night, sub-committees were nominated for the special object of promoting the setting out of shrubs, vines and plants at suitable points in the streets; for making a note of gaps in the line of trees, and planting trees there and in other needy places, by individuals and the society; and for urging the use of street lights by householders and storekeepers. All these objects can be achieved with little trouble and less expense if the progressive citizens work together for improvement along the lines indicated.

## Roadside Trees.

In a paper prepared by Robert Lee Wood, the writer points out that the question of roadside trees is becoming more important in the proper development of highways. Great advantage follows placing shade trees on an east and west road, on the south side of the highway. A row of trees on the north side would shade a strip of land, but the loss is compensated by the improvement in appearance of the farm. On north and south roads the trees must be placed on both sides to get shade.

Shade trees retard the development of dust. The roots bind the earth of ditch sides and even the bottoms of ditches, the banks of cuts and slopes of fills, and by so doing prevent washing away. By their shade they hinder or prevent the rank growth of weeds.

In foreign countries fruit trees are planted by the roadside. A pleasant road has often led people of means to buy in the vicinity.

## THE MAN ON THE JOB.

The general manager of the road swung off the rear platform of his private car and walked back to the siding where a gang of section men were at work.

"Hello, Mike!" said the general manager, who knew every section foreman on the line by his first name. "What's the matter here?"

Using forceful language, the foreman criticised the methods of the construction department. He carefully explained the difficulty and showed how somebody higher up was to blame.

The manager listened closely, putting a few well directed questions. When he got back to his car he made some private memoranda. In a few days an order went forth from the manager's office embodying Mike's ideas of reform in the construction department. It worked admirably.

Said the manager to a friend, "If you want to get at the bottom of railroad, find out what the man in the small job knows."

Which is true not only in railroad, but in every other line. The man on the job knows.

One of the most successful managing editors I ever knew organized a weekly session of all the men in his department. He called these meetings "brain throbs." Every man was absolutely free to talk, and the suggestion of the cub reporter was given as much attention as that of the city editor or the telegraph editor.

The manager got the "brain throbs" of the man on the job.

"I can learn more from my clerks than from my department heads," said a great Chicago merchant. "The clerks come in direct contact with the public. They know what the customer wants and what he complains of."

The man at the bottom knows.

The shrewd political manager who wants to know the drift of public opinion in his state pays scant attention to the editorial utterances of the big city newspaper. He wants to know what the "country editor"—the editor of the newspaper in small city, in town and village—is saying about the issue.

The country editor knows. The rule holds good in every department of life. And the wise employer of men and women does not regard them as mere machines. They are workers together with him. They are co-operators in a common enterprise.

Under our competitive system ideal relations between capital and labor are more or less difficult. The nearest approach to the ideal is that condition where the employer thoroughly trusts and freely consults his employees, where the employees fully trust and freely consult their employer.

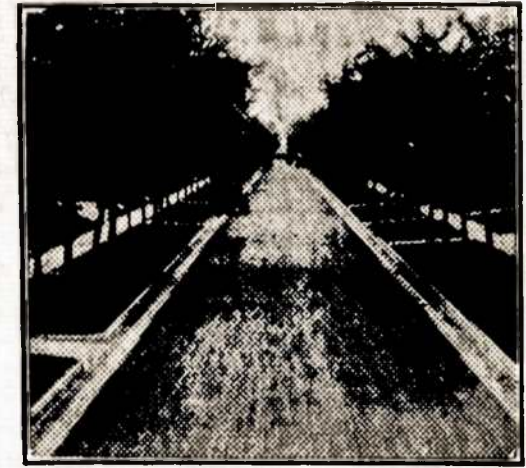
The power of applying attention to a single subject is the sure mark of a superior genius.—Chesterfield.

## CARING FOR STREET TREES.

Surgery One of the Most Important Features in Their Preservation.

There is nothing more pleasing to the eye of a visitor to any town than clean streets and well arranged street trees. A number of young shade trees well laid out greatly assist in making the home town beautiful.

The preservation of existing old trees is even of greater importance than setting out new ones. The lack of care of trees in the matter of placing guards around them, the leaving



WELL KEPT STREET SHOWING SHADE TREES.

of short stumps in pruning and other neglect cause mutilations of the trunk and stems of trees that need attention. Tree surgery therefore forms one of the important divisions of the care of trees. Cavities in trees, no matter how caused, are thoroughly cleaned of all decayed wood, painted with tar and filled with cement. It is a process very much similar to that of filling a tooth.

Small cavities are filled with the usual cement mixture of one part of portland cement to two parts of sand. In the case of larger cavities bricks and stones are used to retain the concrete, and the result is that a strong masonry column is erected within the hollow tree, and it is thus strengthened.

The filling follows the contour of the tree. But the cement is not filled flush with the outside bark of the tree, but is filled up to the line separating the bark from the first layer of wood, so that the new growth of wood will form a callous around the border of the filled cavity, and in time the bark will roll over the cement and cover it entirely, leaving no trace of the cement exposed.

## Tips For Home Merchants.

Newspaper men should be thankful that at least some merchants do not advertise—else what would they do for their horrible examples?

It is all a building process—the rock is built of atoms, the tree is built of cells, the house is built of bricks, success in business is built of conquered details.

Of business—the more you know about it the more you know what there is to know about it.

If you are a good merchant the biggest investment you have is not in stock, but in the good will of your customers.

## UP TO DATE ADVERTISING.

Key to the Secret of Success of Every Merchant.

The fact cannot be impressed too deeply upon the understanding of the local merchant that it is up to him largely to keep and increase home trade. There is absolutely nothing to gain by sitting back in a swivel chair and complaining that business is going to the dogs, that the mail order concerns are bogging up the patronage that ought to come to the town store, but there is everything to lose unless the merchant gets busy and counteracts the tendency toward buying goods away from home.

While each merchant must think out in the main his own plan of campaign against the octopus that seeks to destroy him, basing his efforts upon local conditions, the consensus of opinion throughout the commercial world seems to be that up to date advertising is the key to the secret success in this age.

Merchants who use the advertising space in their town papers to the best advantage are the ones who do the least complaining about losing their old time customers.

Nowadays every merchant who does any successful business advertises in the local papers, but it is a well known fact that many of them fail to get the full efficiency of the space for which they pay.

The ancient "standing ad," which calls attention to "Jones & Co., Staple and Fancy Groceries Always in Stock," serves to tell the people that Jones & Co. are still open for business, but it does not tell them just why they should trade with Jones & Co. Instead of with Brown Bros., who print in their advertising space a list of bargains from day to day or from week to week, giving bargain hunters information as to where they can trade and save money.

It is the merchant who makes the best newspaper display of his actual bargains who picks the plum of patronage. People are on the watch for a good thing, and when they get the tip from an advertisement they go after it.

## RETURNED THE CHANGE.

An Experience on a Train Between Metz and Paris.

"For scrupulous care and trouble taken to return change I have never heard of anything that equaled an experience of mine on the railroad between Metz and Paris," said a national guardsman the other day. "I had been studying the battlefields about Metz, and when I decided to get back to Paris I converted most of the money I had left into francs.

"It was a hot day in August, and the second class compartments were so crowded that I decided as we stopped at a town near the French border to change to a first class coach. There was a supplement to pay, and the only German money I had was in twenty mark pieces. The official who made the transfer did not have the proper change, and while I was waiting for him to come back with the 12 marks and some pfennigs that belonged to me the train moved off, and I gave my money up for gone.

"About 11 o'clock that night the train stopped at a town about halfway to Paris. There was only one other occupant of my compartment, a man who had got on at some station in France. Soon after we stopped the door of the compartment was opened and a man inquired which of us had given a twenty mark piece to be changed at the station in Germany. I replied that I was the individual.

"Come with me, monsieur," he said. So I alighted and followed him into the station office.

"There I found that my change had been telegraphed on, and he had the sum due me already counted out. There were a lot of receipts and things to sign, and the train was held up almost fifteen minutes on my account, but I got my money and a lot of satisfaction."—New York Sun.

## POISING OF THE TROUT.

Its Resemblance to the Hovering of the Kestrel in the Air.

As the kestrel is to the clouds so is the trout to the crystal waters. Both kestrels and trout display that magical poising as if suspended by invisible threads—only now and then, when cross currents are encountered, is a sign given to show that life itself is not in suspense.

A brief agitation of the kestrel's wings, a swishing of the trout's tail—the cross current is weathered, and bird or fish poises motionless again. And as when walking along we are pulled up in ever fresh wonder by the sight of the hovering kestrel, so we must needs pause on a bridge when there is a trout in the stream below.

He looks his best poising with head to the stream—a shapely form against the background of smooth brown pebbles and waving emerald weeds. Leaning over the bridge with eyes on the trout a vision is conjured—an alluring fly drops on the water, then a slack line tightens, there is a song from the reel, a rod bends, there follows a dazzling dance of vermillion spots against the green of the bank.

Or as we come to the bridge on a winter's day we think we hear a mighty plashing of water over the pebbles, which turns out to be the play of thirty or forty trout, the play of the last round of some water tourney. As they come to the surface, rolling and wallowing, their great fat sides look twice as big as when seen through the clear water. They almost make a dam across the stream as they jostle each other, seeking for the choicest places on the spawning bed.—London Standard.

## "Berlin, Germany, U. S."

"Say, is this letter addressed right?" asked a subject of Germany, holding up an elaborately decorated envelope before the eyes of a postman the other day. The latter surveyed the writing closely. There were a name, a street and then the city and country. "Berlin, Germany." Below were written in bold characters the letters "U. S." "Oh, you don't want 'U. S.' on there," remarked the postman. "Berlin, Germany, isn't in the United States." "I don't mean United States by 'U. S.," remarked the man from Kaiser Wilhelm's land. "I mean 'up stairs.' This friend of mine lives on the second floor."—Buffalo Commercial.

## His Little Pun.

An inveterate wit and punster asked the captain of a craft loaded with boards how he managed to get dinner on the passage.

"Why," replied the skipper, "we always cook aboard."

"Cook a board, do you?" rejoined the wag. "Then I see you have been well provided with provisions this trip, at all events."—London Graphic.

## Progressing.

"How are you getting on as a newspaper artist?"

"Rapidly. They now allow me to draw the crosses showing where the tragedy occurred."—Cleveland Leader.

## Noble Effort.

"Cholly has brain fever."

"How did he get it?"

"He met a girl who kept saying, 'Just think!' And Cholly tried to."—Pearson's Weekly.

ELLIOTT W. BROWN  
REAL ESTATE

Special Representative of the Rustic Ridge Association

Bungalows, Cottages, Building Lots.

Choice Tracts in MOUNTAIN PARK and on THE HIGHLANDS

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TELEPHONE 4-5 OR 37-3

DONNELL  
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NEW  
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Respectfully

DONNELL AND DAVIS

Brattleboro, Vermont

FIRE  
INSURANCE

Prompt and satisfactory settlement of all losses.

Webster's  
INSURANCE AGENCY  
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

## PIANOS PIANOS

For Sale or rent. I exchange for old Instruments, Organs and Pianos. Everything in the Music line.

J. H. LAMB  
Federal St., Greenfield, Mass.

OLDEST HOUSE IN  
WESTERN MASS.  
TELEPHONE 154-3

C. L. JOHNSON

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GAS FITTING

AGENT FOR CRAWFORD RANGES

REPAIR WORK A SPECIALTY

NORTHFIELD, MASS.

TELEPHONE 17-13

In the Press.

## "All About Northfield."

By A. P. FITT.

A brief history and guide to Northfield, Mass., and vicinity, with illustrations, maps and diagrams, and directory of general information and business notices.

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Northfield Press Northfield, Mass.



## CHURCH DIRECTORY

**First Parish (Unitarian)**  
Main St. and Parker Ave.  
Services at 10.45 a. m.  
Sunday School, 12 m.

**Trinitarian Congregational**  
Main St., near Mill Brook  
Rev. N. Fay Smith, Pastor  
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.45 and 7.30  
Thursdays, 8 p. m.

**St. Patrick's Parish**  
Main Street  
Rev. J. S. Nelligan, Pastor  
Services every alternate  
Sunday at 8.30 a. m.

**Advent Christian Church**  
South Vernon  
Rev. A. E. Phelps, Pastor  
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.30 and 7.30  
Thursdays, 7.30 p. m.

## Church News

At the annual meeting of the Ladies' Sewing Society of the Unitarian Church the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Geo. Alderman; vice-president, Mrs. M. O. Perham; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. N. P. Wood; directors, Mrs. A. W. Proctor, Mrs. C. H. Webster, Mrs. W. A. Priest, Mrs. E. E. Russell and Miss Clara Ward.

Paul D. Moody preached in the Congregational Church last Sunday morning, and in Sage Chapel in the evening.

Miss Butler, sister of President Nicholas Butler of Columbia University, conducted the exercises at Sage Chapel last Tuesday morning.

## Rev. F. B. Meyer

Rev. F. B. Meyer of London is scheduled for a series of daily lectures on "The Book of Exodus, and New Testament Analogues" at the schools June 1-3; also for the graduating sermon of the Seminary on June 12 and the commencement address June 14.

## Northfield Farms.

Dwight Priest of Shenandoah Iowa, was a recent guest of Mrs. Mary Stratton. He, with his two daughters, Jeanette and Alice, will come to Northfield to live this summer.

Ernest Field and wife were at their home here over Sunday.

Murray Hammond is home from Millers Falls, not being able to work.

The Dudley Orchestra will have a dance at Union Hall, May 20.

Mrs. Sawyer has gone to Ohio for a visit.

Recent guests in town are Olive Pierce and Mr. Turder.

There will be an entertainment at Dist. No. 3 school house on May 15. Admission, over 12 years 15 cents; under 15, half price.

The Merryheart Club met with Helen Parker May 7.

## THE MAKING OF A MAN.

"Dad, I'm married."  
"Well, sir, you can now try your hand at making a living for your family."

Which is the reputed conversation between young Philander Knox and his father, the secretary of state, when the son had returned from an elopement with pretty Gertrude Boler.

And young Knox promptly accepted the challenge. He went to work the next day as an automobile salesman.

Query? Will young Knox make a man of himself as did Cornelius Vanderbilt when he was disowned for marrying Miss Grace Wilson?

The story is one of the most interesting and typical of our American life. Cornelius was the oldest living son of the senior Cornelius Vanderbilt and destined after the family tradition to receive the bulk of the family fortune. But he fell in love with the wrong girl.

So strong was the parental anger that in the interview between father and son the former fell in an apoplectic fit, a second attack of which caused his death three years later.

A month after the interview the marriage took place, and young Cornelius went to work in the New York Central shops.

He studied especially the problem of locomotive construction. His income was limited for a person of his antecedents, but his home was a happy one, and he was doing a man's work in the world.

Then his father died.

The father's will left Alfred Vanderbilt forty-eight millions and cut Cornelius off with one million. Alfred lived in an atmosphere of scandal, and about every time a new story came out on Alfred it was announced that Cornelius had taken out a patent on a new invention.

Out of the thirty patents taken out by Cornelius one—a locomotive fire

box—had so much merit that it was adopted by all the leading railroads, and the royalties, together with his other inventions, have made him a fortune that is now larger than his brother's.

The test proved the stuff of which he was made.

Will young Mr. Knox make a man of himself after the Cornelius Vanderbilt way?

Like Vanderbilt, he married against his parents' wishes. Like Vanderbilt, he has declared he will win a position in the world.

Let us hope so. He is independent, and independence puts red corpuscles in the blood. He will meet opposition, and opposition overcome puts fiber and forcefulness into character.

## "Double Fruits."

Double fruits may originate in either of two ways. Sometimes when the fruits are very young they may become accidentally pressed together so tightly that they crush together, as it were, and may then as they become older grow into one mass at this junction. This is a kind of grafting. This, however, is not the common origin of double structures. All fruits, like buds and the beginnings of leaves, originate in a mass of very soft cells, which are easily affected by mechanical influences. If one of these soft young structures, which tends to grow as a unit, becomes injured at its very tip, which is the place of most active growth, the growth ceases at that point, but continues on both sides of it, and it continues to grow without making an effort to reunite the two parts. The injury may be caused by the bite of an insect or by some other external cause, or it may be some one of the various influences we call "internal," although there is probably no real difference between external injuries and internal influences. In this way originate not only double fruits, but double leaves.—St. Nicholas.

## CHOOSE YOUR EMPLOYER.

Be careful how you select the man for whom you work.

Why not?

If your employer takes pains in selecting you as his employee your interest in yourself is greater than his interest in you.

If he is responsible for what you do you are also responsible in large degree for what he does.

If he runs his business on bad principles you are a participant with him in those bad principles.

And if he has loose morals personally sooner or later, if you stay with him, you will lower your morals to his plane.

Young people do not appreciate these facts as they should.

The moral bias in the conduct of a business and the personal influence of the head of the business are all important in their effect on the character of those who are employed in that business.

That employee is fortunate who takes a position with an employer whose business methods are correct and whose private life is above reproach.

If the employee discovers later on that the manager is other than this he should resign. Unfortunately, however, the employee usually makes his discovery too late and goes through life morally warped by the bad example.

Marshall Field was a great merchant who had correct principles of business. It is said of him that he trained more young men to be successful merchants than any other American business man. His assistants looked up to Mr. Field as a model.

Every man, woman and child in the Field establishment felt the force of the Field ethics.

John Wanamaker is another instance of the merchant prince who has succeeded along right lines. His forceful character and personal ideals permeate every department of his great stores.

The personality of the employer is a large factor.

Consider the influence in the industrial world of such men as Thomas A. Edison and George Westinghouse and the Studebakers.

High grade men at the front produce high grade men in the ranks.

Parents and guardians who place young people who do not know these things in the employ of the wrong sort of men are culpable.

Young man or young woman, whatever line of endeavor you select as your life work, be very careful in your choice of an employer.

Couldn't Head Him Off.  
"You must stop your worrying."  
"But, doctor, I never worry."  
"Then try to do so a little for excitement's sake."

In the Air.  
"This aviation craze may be responsible for it."  
"For what?"  
"High prices."

The establishment of a federal bureau of mines is a bit of centralization to which few will object.

The English sparrows must go, and "four and twenty" of them baked in a pie will go all right.

## South Vernon

At the morning service in the A. C. Church the pastor will preach on "What is your occupation?" At the evening service "The Devil."

Loyal Workers service at 6.30. Ernest Adams will have charge.

Rev. A. E. Phelps and wife, Mrs. C. P. Buffum, Mrs. Edgar Brooks, Mr. Ernest Adams and Mr. Ernest Dunklee attended Sunday School convention held at West Brattleboro.

Will Riley is sick with pneumonia.

R. E. Dickinson has the sympathy of many friends who would welcome his return to health.

Mrs. Cynthia Park is spending a few days at her old home in Bernardston and among friends.

Mrs. G. H. Collier of Westfield, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Phelps.

## VESTAL VIRGINS.

They Kept the Sacred Fires Alight In Ancient Rome.

Ovid tells us that the first temple of Vesta at Rome was constructed of wattle walls and roofed with thatch, like the primitive huts of the inhabitants. It was little other than a circular covered fireplace and was tended by the unmarried girls of the community. It served as the public hearth of Rome, and on it glowed, unextinguished throughout the year, the sacred fire which was supposed to have been brought from Troy and the continuance of which was thought to be linked with the fortunes of the city.

The name Vesta is believed to be derived from the same root as the Sanskrit was, which means "to dwell, to inhabit," and shows that she was the goddess of home, and home had the hearth as its focus. A town, a state, is but a large family, and what the domestic hearth was to the house the temple of the perpetual fire became to the city. Every town had its vesta, or common hearth, and the colonies derived their fire from the mother hearth.

Should a vestal maiden allow the sacred fire to become extinguished she was beaten till her blood flowed, and the new fire was solemnly rekindled by rubbing together of dry wood or by focusing of sun's rays. The circular form and domed roof of the temple of Vesta were survivals of the prehistoric huts of the aborigines, which were invariably round.—Cornhill Magazine.

## THE PRINCE'S SPEECH.

Canning's Reason For Ignoring the Royal Audacity.

One of the best stories in connection with the history of the king's speech, delivered at the opening of each fresh session of parliament, says Everybody's, is told of George IV. when prince regent.

The prince, it is well known, took his responsibilities lightly and on one occasion is said to have bet Sheridan 100 guineas that either owing to the magnetism of his personality or the flutter which the occupants of the lords' chamber were in so little attention was really paid to the verbal character of the speech he was delivering that he could make any interpolation he liked without it being detected.

The bet was taken, and the prince regent agreed to introduce the words "Baa, baa, black sheep," in the middle of the speech.

"If anybody smiles or looks startled," he said, "I lose my bet."

This exploit actually came off, and at the close of a weighty allusion, composed by Lord Liverpool, to Wellesley's difficulties in Spain the regent cleared his throat, said, "Baa, baa, black sheep," hurriedly and went on without apparently exciting any remark.

Sheridan related the royal audacity to Canning.

"It is perfectly amazing to me," Sheridan said, "that no notice was taken. Didn't you hear him distinctly say, 'Baa, baa, black sheep?'"

"I did," rejoined Canning, "but as his royal highness looked you full in the face at the time I took it as a personal allusion, and my delicacy forbade me to think more about it."

## A Delicate Point.

The Comtesse de Noailles, nicknamed Mme. Etiquette, bored Marie Antoinette very much by her particularity on minor points of conduct. One day Marie Antoinette's mocking spirit had its chance. She fell from her donkey and lay on the grass for a while laughing.

"Run as fast as you can," she said to the nearest attendant as soon as she could speak, "and ask Mme. Etiquette how the queen of France ought to behave when she tumbles off her donkey."

## Didn't Hitch.

She—You say your sister's wedding went off without a hitch? How nice! He—Yes; the fellow she was going to marry didn't show up.—Chicago News.

## THE NORTHFIELD EAST NORTHFIELD - MASS.

Open all the year. A homelike hotel that offers every comfort. Electric lights, steam heat, open fires, private baths, broad verandas. Excellent table. Good Livery and Garage. Illustrated Booklet Free.

Ambert G. Moody, Manager

H. S. Stone, Ass't Manager

J. T. CUMMINGS  
PAINTER, PAPER HANGER  
AND DECORATOR

is still on WARWICK AVE., where for 35 years he has served the people of Northfield and vicinity with entire satisfaction and where he continues his same policy of first-class work at reasonable rates.

## HEADQUARTERS for PIANOS

1 Kimball Piano, \$100. 1 Mason and Hamlin, \$150. 1 Ivers and Pond, new, \$290. Pianos for rent. I pay cash for Pianos and sell accordingly. SAVE MONEY by buying of me. J. H. LAMB Greenfield, Mass.

Steamship  
Tickets

BY ANY OF THE PRINCIPAL Transatlantic Lines

Geo. R. Witte

NORTHFIELD  
Continental trips arranged as  
Tourist may select

## BEST ON THE MARKET . . .

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ORDERS TAKEN FOR ALL FLAVORS

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Windows, Doors, Laths, Shingles  
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Steam Fitting, Heating, Etc.

All kinds of Sheet Metal Work

PLUMBING A SPECIALTY

Also Agent for

Glenwood Stoves and Ranges

FURNACES and STEAM HEATERS

NORTHFIELD - MASS.

TEL. 39-2 and 39-3

## Rattled.

He—I trust you have forgiven me for not recalling your name the other evening, although I remembered your face perfectly.

She—Oh, yes; but my name is such a plain one I should think you would have remembered it quite as readily.

He—Not at all. Your name isn't half as plain as—er—beg pardon; your face is much more aristocratic than your—I mean to say that your name is harder than—

## His Mental Incapacity.

The Court—So you ask divorce from this man on the ground of mental incapacity. What proof have you that he's insane? The Woman—Who said he was insane, your honor? The Court—Why, you say he is mentally incapable. The Woman—Yes; incapable of understanding that I'm boss.

YOU CAN'T IMPROVE on Nature's way; the wild birds mate in April and experience teaches that domesticated fowl also hatch best in the Spring months.

YOU CAN IMPROVE your poultry and increase the egg yield by hatching selected eggs from standard-bred Rhode Island Red hens.

GEORGE R. WITTE  
Near Wanamaker Lake  
EAST NORTHFIELD

W. G. SLATE  
HOME LAUNDRY

Family Washing a Specialty  
Also Piece Work

A Postal will bring quick response.  
R.F.D No. 1, Northfield

## The Winchester National Bank

Does a general banking business and solicits your account. Pays interest on certificate of deposit.

Capital and Surplus - \$125,000  
Total Assets - \$364,000

James R. Hamilton, Agent

EAST NORTHFIELD

Banking hours, 10 to 3; Saturdays, 10 to 2

Maine Seed Potatoes: Early Rose, Queens and Green Mountains. Asparagus roots 75 cts. a hundred.

One Good second hand Webster Pump, cheap.

Plymouth Rock Eggs for setting, 50 cents for 15  
Strawberries

## L. O. CLAPP

## C. H. OTIS

MAIN ST. OPPOSITE P. O.

Swastika

Bread Flour

Bunker Hill

Coffee

BEST ON THE MARKET

Give them a trial

GROCERIES & PASTRY

Fruit and Candies

Butternuts 25 Cents a Peck.

## F. W. WILBER

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Rubber Tires

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Walter P. Wood

Harvesting Machinery

Warwick Ave. (and Main Street

Telephone 4-12

## H. T. HARADON

## Wheelwright

AT WILBER'S

Warwick Av. and Main Street



## Humor and Philosophy

BY DUNCAN M. SMITH

### THE GUILTY ONE.

THE comet doubtless is the cause  
Of many of our ills.  
Because it boosts the prices up  
We cannot pay our bills.  
It must be that. We've scanned the list  
Of causes left and right,  
And there is not in earth or sky  
Another cause in sight.

No corporation, group or trust  
Will own to have a share  
In sending prices up to where  
The air is cool and rare,  
And some one must have done the deed.  
That's patent, plain and pat.  
Who but a comet, do you think,  
Would do a trick like that?

And it is such an easy way  
To solve this problem deep,  
Because we cannot punch its face  
Nor put the wretch to sleep,  
And if we could his ribs lasso  
Or sprinkle on its tail  
A pinch of salt we haven't room  
To lock it up in jail.

No; we will have to let it run.  
When it has gone afar,  
If things are any better then,  
We'll know what caused the jar.  
But what a lot of trouble it  
Can make from day to day  
For one that is by measurement  
So very far away!

### A Change.

"Are you going to the same place  
This summer that you went last?"

"No, indeed!"

"Aren't you? I thought you enjoyed  
It so much."

"We did, but you see"—

"What?"

"I am simply having my last summer's wardrobe remodeled for use this season."

### All Wasted.

"Who are you betting on?"

"For what?"

"The Johnson and Jeffries fight."

"Who are they and what are they fighting about?"

"And to think that we spend thousands of dollars on schools in this country!"

### Appropriate.

"That fellow plays ragtime all the while."

"Maybe he can't help it."

"Can't help it?"

"Perhaps."

"Why not?"

"Don't you see how shabby he is?"

### Gets Wise Later.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"I do."

"Did you ever experience it?"

"Often. It is the second sight that is disillusioning."

### Resemblance.

"Life is short."

"Yes, and I am quite lifelike."

"Lifelike?"

"Yes."

"In what respect?"

"I, too, am short."

### Place to Economize.

"Yes; two can live as cheap as one."

"But there is the double wardrobe."

"True, but for awhile they can get along with one chair."

### Cooling His Ardor.

"I was thinking of dropping into poetry."

"What's the matter with the lake?"

### PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Some languages seem to have been invented for the sole purpose of driving clear thought distracted.

Pride helps a lot of things, but it doesn't work with a sneak thief.



Ability counts, and it is usually entirely willing and able to count dollars.

Don't work so hard that you forget what you need the money for.

The secret that a woman won't tell is no secret.

Try to get yourself in position to welcome the inevitable when it arrives from its long journey.

There are people who are cheerful even in a dentist's shop.

If you have to butt in do it with so much decision that the surprise will make them forget that you did it.

A baby can upset a whole household by the simple expedient of raising its voice.

Don't worry over the inevitable; just let it in.

Making good may not be entirely synonymous with being good, but it answers the purpose.

## The Land of Puzzledom.

### No. 886.—Charades.

New England climate never was my first,  
Though often man has been;  
Necessary is my next, increasing thirst;  
The third implies to sin;  
Dealing in foods, nor the best nor worst,  
My whole needs glass nor tin.

### II.

'Tis sad that all of us my first;  
Since Eve in a garden dwelt;  
For my second no man's the worst,  
Lest for it too much he has felt;  
To be my third is seldom well,  
And costs men time and money.  
My whole is brilliant, punsters tell,  
In shape of pun, quite funny.

### III.

My first is often at your door  
Or lies before you on the floor;  
My second you must surely shun  
If faith and honor are to be won;  
My last will blind the broken chain  
And join and make quite whole again;  
My whole, a writer. Versed is he  
In all the wonders of the bee.  
—Youth's Companion.

### No. 887.—Square Word.

My first made of marble are best;  
My second is seen on a vest;  
My third is a fruit;  
My fourth receives suit;  
My fifth is an oft needed rest.

### No. 888.—Triple Crossword Enigma.

Three-fifths of wrist,  
Two-fifths of chest,  
And then three-fifths of reins,  
Three-sevenths of trinity,  
One-half of divinity,  
Then three-eighths of disdains.  
Next take three-fifths of aloes  
And last one-third of trains.  
When these are guessed correctly  
You'll have three poets' names.

### No. 889.—Anagram Acrostic.

1. Nconlws. 6. Aavedn.  
2. Aaaambl. 7. Rlagueo.  
3. Hsclloaalutnr. 8. Xsate.  
4. Dnsouh. 9. Iohu.  
5. Nnaadil. 10. Kansabre.

When the letters in the different words of this acrostic have been correctly arranged it will be found that they are all the names of states, except No. 4, which is a river in New York state. The initials will spell the name of a city named after one of the greatest of Americans.

### No. 890.—Pictured Word.



What word is represented?

### No. 891.—Easy Beheadings.

Behead dingles and leave beverages.  
Behead to expect and leave attend.  
Behead a useful instrument and leave a tuft of hair.  
Behead informed and leave merchant-dise.  
Behead a retinue and leave to fall in drops.  
Behead fanciful and leave to distribute.  
Behead to suppose and leave to languish.  
Behead at no time and leave always.  
The beheaded letters will spell what most children enjoy.

### No. 892.—Riddle.

I tell you many things you want to know;  
I tell you of your laughter or your woe.  
Without me things would often be awry.  
I show you even better than your eye  
What you should wear, how you should walk,  
How you should smile and how should talk.  
A woman's friend, though I proclaim her faults,  
She may not like me, yet she lacks,  
Asks my advice before she leaves her home  
Or takes me with her when she needs must roam.

### No. 893.—Anagrams.

The letters composing each of the eight following groups of words may be transposed so as to form one word.  
1. Pie crust. 2. Tart illusion. 3. Great hotel. 4. Real thugs. 5. Partisans. 6. A recent pen. 7. Shoe tags. 8. Ten priests.

### Conundrum.

Why is a prudent man like a pin?  
Because his head prevents him from going too far.

### Key to Puzzledom.

No. 878.—Numerical: Miser, able, miserable.  
No. 879.—Enigma: Box.  
No. 890.—Anagrams of Poems and Authors: 1. "Evangeline," Longfellow. 2. "Snowbound," Whittier. 3. "The Cathedral," Lowell. 4. "Don Quixote," Cervantes. 5. "Paradise Lost," Milton. 6. "The Bell," Schiller. 7. "Lady of

the Lake," Scott. 8. "The Dream," Byron. 9. "Endymion," Keats. 10. "Night Thoughts," Young.  
No. 881.—Pictorial Rebus: Dogwood, walnut, cherry, sycamore.  
No. 882.—Animals Accidentally Hidden: Rat, seal, toad, hare, ass.  
No. 883.—Word Puzzle: Wen, hen, he, we, hew, new—when.  
No. 884.—Beheadings: Craft, raft, aft, frail, rail, all.  
No. 885.—Charade: Jam, ache, a—Jamalca.

## RAIN FORMATION.

Cold Air Squeezes the Moisture Out of Warm Air.

Warm air is capable of holding more moisture in suspension than is cold air. When by any means a layer or current of warm air which is saturated with moisture is suddenly cooled a portion of the vapor must fall as rain. Cold shrinks the heated air as pressure does a wet sponge and with precisely the same results. In mountainous countries this cooling down of the warm and damp air is most commonly produced by the air being brought into the neighborhood of mountain tops, which are cold.

It is for this reason that in such countries the showers mostly originate among the mountains and come through the valleys out upon the plains.

It will be easily understood that the higher the mountain the more striking will be the effects produced. If it be a snow capped peak in a tropical region a cloud will be formed such as to conceal the summit all the time. This cloud will be constantly growing on the side of the mountain toward which the currents of warm and moist air are set, for on that side the air is being cooled down, but after it has been driven over the peak it will waste away as rapidly, for it is then coming in contact with warmer air again.

From such high peaks the cloud rarely breaks away as a shower. All the surplus moisture of the air is deposited in the form of rain or snow upon the peaks over which the air passes.

### The Jellyfish.

The bay of Naples abounds in medusae, or jellyfish, often growing as large as two feet in diameter and weighing fifty and sixty pounds. Some of them shine at night with a greenish light and are known as noctiluca (night lanterns) by the natives. The jellyfish sometimes make migrations in great groups, sometimes so large and so thick as to impede the navigation of vessels, like the floating plants in the Sargasso sea of the tropics. These shoals of medusae, as they are called, may be so dense that a piece of timber plunged in among them will be held upright as if stuck in the mud, and ordinary rowboats cannot force their way through them. Their migrations have never been explained. They are irregular and occur at no particular season of the year and under no particular influences.

### The Record of Raindrops.

It is by carefully noting small and apparently insignificant things and facts that men of science are enabled to reach some of their most surprising and interesting conclusions. In many places the surface of rocks, which millions of years ago must have formed sandy or muddy seabeaches, is found to be pitted with the impressions of raindrops. In England it has been noticed that in many cases the eastern sides of these depressions are the more deeply pitted, indicating that the raindrops which formed them were driven before a west wind. From this the conclusion is drawn that in the remote epoch when the pits were formed the majority of the storms in England came from the west, just as they do today.—Harper's Weekly.

### A Tree in a Thunderstorm.

Every one is aware that it is not wise to seek a tree's shelter in a thunderstorm, but if you must take refuge there then climb to the topmost branches. It has been proved that the upper boughs of trees during a storm would be the safest position, and it is said that birds in the branches are seldom killed. When the tree is struck by lightning it is the trunk which, presumably from its greater dryness, is a bad conductor and which therefore suffers the most.

### Vary Like a Bull.

An Irish litterateur when eating an apple pie davored with a few green gooseberries exclaimed with gusto, "Ah, what a delicious apple pie it would be if it was all made of green gooseberries!"

### Enthusiasm Dulled.

"Don't you feel as if you would like to leave footprints in the sands of time?" asked the ambitious citizen.  
"No," answered Mr. Crosslots gloomily; "out where I live the mud is eighteen inches deep, and I don't feel as if I wanted to see another footprint as long as I live."—Washington Star.

Indigestion is one of the most powerful painters in deep blue designs extant.

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**The Attorney in England.**  
The use of the word attorney denotes a belated mind. Since Nov. 1, 1875, attorneys have ceased to exist, their title merged by law into that of solicitor of the supreme court of judicature, says a writer in the London Mail. The name had long been used as a term of abuse. Johnson observed of an acquaintance that "he did not care to speak ill of any man behind his back, but he believed the gentleman was an attorney."

**Archbishop Trench, in 1850, noted that the word attorney was going out of favor and that the lower branch of the legal profession preferred to be called solicitors. So when the judicature act of 1873 was before parliament a clause was inserted abolishing the obnoxious title. But with our delightful conservatism we still honor the "attorney general."**

**If the actress has an array of beautiful gowns the women will all vote that the show was a good one.**  
Perhaps we should not feel so bad about high prices if we had more money. Anyway, it is worth considering.

**Good Fortune is seldom at home when we try to get her on the telephone.**



DIAMOND CUT  
DIAMOND

By LEONARD MALLOY

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Association.

"I saw Jenkins the other day," said Brown to the old customs inspector who had exposed more smugglers than any other man in the department, "and he told me to ask you the next time I saw you to tell me the romance of your marriage."

"Oh, he did, did he?" replied the inspector, scowling, but in spite of himself puckerling up the corners of his mouth in a smile.

"Yes. He said there was quite a story connected with your courtship."

"Courtship be hanged!"

"Oh, go on!"

Brown offered the inspector a cigar, telling him to light up. The bribe was accepted and the story given.

"You know that tradesmen abroad are interested in learning ways by which their customers may evade paying duties on goods, because if the goods can be got in free of duty it's very much easier for the tradesmen to sell them. Some of these people know more ingenious tricks for evading duties than the regular smugglers."

"Well, one day the boss called me into his private office and, taking up a letter a friend of his had received, read it to me. It was an offer of a jeweler in London to deliver goods in America free of duty."

"How do you suppose it's done?" he asked me.

"I don't know," I replied.

"I tell you what you do. Go over there, get in with the jeweler and find out. I'll get you a letter of introduction from his correspondent so that he'll feel obliged to show you some attention—perhaps invite you to his house. You can't find out anything in his shop, but you may run across something at home that will give away the trick."

"The result was that I took the next outgoing liner and within a week was in London. We had a good many trunks in storage held for some reason or other that had been all over Europe and were covered with hotel labels. I had taken off a dozen of these labels and pasted them on my own trunk. I did this because I intended to appear as having been travelling on the continent. I delivered my letter to the jeweler, an elderly man named Hicks. He received me very kindly and, as it was stated in the letter that I wished to bring home with me some jewels for my sister, offered to show me his stock at once. To this I replied that I was in no hurry and I would like to see something of London before my return. As I expected, he offered to show me around.

"He took me to theaters, the Tower, the abbey and all that, but I didn't see the inside of his home. Then I began to ask him about his family—we had got pretty thick by this time—and he asked me to dine with him and his family. I met in this way his niece, who lived with him, and it wasn't long after that when I dispensed with the services of the jeweler for a guide and took the niece. I was getting to that age when a man feels flattered by a young woman's attentions, and the first thing that I knew I was dead set on taking her back with me to America. English girls, you know, have a very pleasant accent, and many of them can show the finest complexions in the world. Emily Robinson was one of that kind, and her kittenish ways were just the thing to catch an old bachelor like myself. She was glad enough to get a husband who would make her independent, and before I left London we were not only engaged, but married.

"Of course I felt guilty at trying to find out how her uncle got goods free of duty into America, but anyway I could only stop his doing it. I could not punish him, he being an Englishman and in London. So I added matrimony with his niece to a detective ruse with him. We were married a few days before the steamer sailed, and I bought about the same time \$10,000 worth of diamonds, which my uncle-in-law agreed to deliver in New York free of duty."

"I took my wife with me to my hotel, and the loneliness of the place was dispelled at once. She was very practical and insisted on packing my trunk. I always hated that part of traveling and was glad enough to turn the matter over to her. We dined the day before sailing with her uncle and aunt and had a very jolly time. When we reached home my wife put my good clothes on the top of the other things already packed in my trunk and locked it. Then she began to look at the labels and said how she wished we had met before my tour instead of after it, as she would like to visit those places herself. I kissed her and promised her a trip just as soon as I could arrange to be again absent from business."

"When we reached home I told the boss that some diamonds were to come to us and we would have no trouble tracing how they reached us. My wife said the day after we got home that she didn't feel well and must ask me to unpack my trunk. I

did so and at the bottom found a box I didn't recognize. I opened it and was astonished to see the diamonds sold by my British uncle-in-law. They had been put there by my wife.

"I looked at her. She burst out laughing. 'You wouldn't wish me to go back on uncle, would you?' she said. 'It was five minutes before I replied. Then I put my arms around her, with the remark, 'You're a jim dandy.'"

## Long Words.

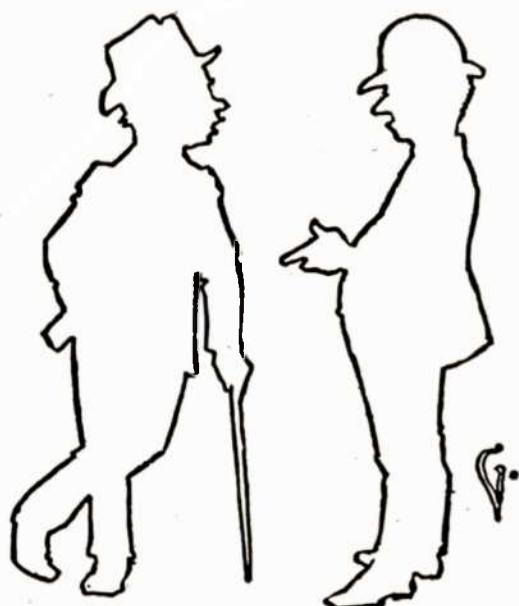
While our language does not contain such long words as are found in some other tongues nor so many words of unusual length, still we have several that are awkwardly long for conversational purposes. We have "philoprogenitiveness," with twenty letters; "interconvertibilities," with twenty-one; "intercommunicabilities," with twenty-two; "disproportionableness," with twenty-three, and "transubstantiationists" and "contradistinctionability," each containing twenty-four letters. An effective little word is "synecategorematic," as it manages to compress eight syllables into seventeen letters.

The longest monosyllables contain nine letters, and there are four examples: "sploshed," "squelched," "strengths" and "stretched."—New York Tribune.

## Printers' Marks.

The interrogation mark or "point" (?) was originally a "q" and an "o," the latter placed under the former. They were simply the first and last letters of the Latin word "questio." So, too, with the sign of exclamation or interjection (!). In its original purity it was a combination of "i" and "o," the latter underneath, as in the question mark. The two stood for "io," the Latin exclamation of joy. The paragraph mark is a Greek "p," the initial of the word paragraph. The early printers employed a dagger to show that a word or sentence was objectionable and should be cut out.

## Making Reparation.



"Your hens have destroyed my garden."

"One dollar's worth of damage?"

"All of that."

"Never mind. I will give you an egg."

## Moment of Bliss.

Oh, what a sight it is to see  
And how it rests the eyes  
And makes imagination run  
Exultant to the skies  
When Mary fixes up her tray  
From kettle, pan and pot  
And comes in with the evening meal  
Well cooked and piping hot!

You bet I sit up then and take  
An interest in affairs  
And in the distant background put  
My troubles and my cares.  
Her form is plump, her face is fair,  
Her smile is kind and sweet,  
But better still that meets my gaze  
Is what she brings to eat.

I watch her movements as she sets  
The dishes all in place  
And notice that her every act  
Is full of life and grace,  
And, oh, my admiration grows  
As in her hands I spy  
The very dishes that I like,  
Backed up by homemade pie!

We like—at least I own I do—  
A pretty girl and bright.  
Her every look and motion adds  
To our supreme delight.  
But for our permanent regard  
Unwavering and strong  
We must admit a lot depends  
On what she brings along.

## Which?

"I have been driven to desperation."

"You have?"

"Yes."

"What in?"

"What in?"

"Yes. Automobile, carriage or the police patrol?"

Keeping company with Satan calls for an asbestos suit with insulated copper trimmings.

It is wonderful how some persons in the teeth of jolt upon jolt preserve their self conceit.

Being able to make good with any old excuse may be regarded as a man's certificate in diplomacy.

We would doubtless be willing to listen to reason if reason had any way of making herself heard.

Who shall say that man is not naturally adaptable, seeing that he plays the fool so easily and well?

If you take care of yourself it sometimes happens that your neighbor just has to take care of himself.

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The Remedy.  
"He is enormously rich."  
"Is he?"  
"Yes; he doesn't know what to do with his money."  
"That is an easy matter."  
"How do you make that out?"  
"He should marry, and his wife would swiftly tell him what to do with it."

## Pure Philanthropy.



"What is your idea in buying two grades of butter?"  
"I have a borrowing neighbor."

## Previous.

"I have a lot of use for money."  
"Have you?"  
"Yes."  
"What do you use it for?"  
"To buy nice things with."  
"I can never do that. I always have to use mine to pay for the things I had last month."

## Sarcastic.

The Manager—I've got a new idea for a melodrama that ought to make a hit. The Writer—What is it? The Manager—The idea is to introduce a cyclone in the first act that will kill all the actors.

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Standard diaries for 1910.

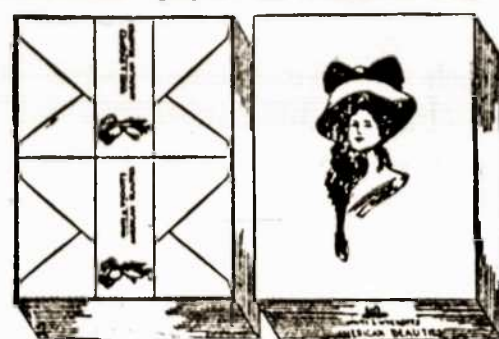
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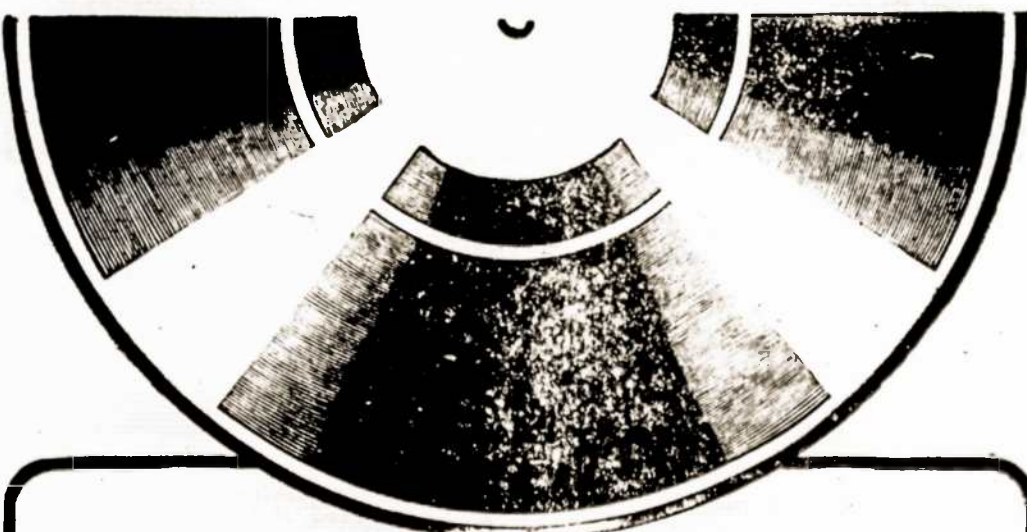
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## Stock Speculation Worse Than More Vulgar Forms of Gambling.

By FREDERICK R. TOOMBS, Member of New York State Assembly.

Assemblyman Toombs is a leader in the fight for minimizing the evils of stock exchange gambling. His resolution put before the New York state legislature requesting an investigation of Wall street evidently influenced the New York Stock Exchange to make the recent reforms in its policy.

THE great stock and commodity exchanges of the country will have to yield to governmental regulations, national and state, before very much more time elapses. The evils which exist, especially among some of the stock exchanges of the country, are A GREAT NATIONAL MENACE and, in my opinion, have directly and indirectly INCREASED THE NUMBER OF PAUPERS AND CRIMINALS OF THE COUNTRY.

Such of the exchanges as permit corners, wash sales, matched orders and other allied abuses are now fighting in the last ditch to retain the vast power they have held so long. The exchanges claim that they should be permitted to make their own rules, but it is a notorious fact that WHEN THEY MAKE THEIR RULES THEY DO NOT ENFORCE THEM CONSISTENTLY AND EXPEDITIOUSLY. The state alone can and will protect the rights of the investing public. Recently the New York Stock Exchange enacted several new rules to meet the rising public sentiment, but if the board of governors of that mighty institution do not enforce these new rules any more thoroughly than they have enforced their rules in the past these regulations are not worth the paper on which they are written.

THE STOCK EXCHANGES OF THE COUNTRY ENCOURAGE SPECULATION WHEN THEY SHOULD NOT ONLY RESTRICT IT, BUT ABOLISH MANY FORMS OF IT ABSOLUTELY. THERE IS VERY LITTLE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SPECULATION AND THE MORE VULGAR FORMS OF GAMBLING, AND, COMPARED TO FARO, ROULETTE AND POLICY, A WASH SALE OR A MATCHED ORDER TRANSACTION IS TEN TIMES MORE DANGEROUS TO THE INTERESTS OF THE PUBLIC.

Many of the great exchanges of the country do not conduct their operations in good faith, because, not being incorporated, the state has very little power over them except through special legislation. In Wall street, where the conditions are the worst, we find the great financial interests of the country CONDUCTING A NATIONAL SCHOOL FOR INSTRUCTION IN GAMBLING of the most demoralizing type.

MAKING mistakes is a thing upon which nobody has a patent, yet some of our friends act as if we were infringing whenever we chance to be in error.

We all want to see the world happy—according to our own private recipe.

The trouble with the square deal is it doesn't come round often enough.

The best people in the world are those who think you are the brainiest and best looking person they know.

People who work their tongues most are seldom those who have much to do with their hands or heads.

It is not possible for the recipient to take a compliment for just what it is worth.



Easy.  
"I am so afraid of burglars."  
"Then refuse to admit them, silly."

The Little Annoyance.  
Nursing a fire that is sulky  
May be the finest of sport.  
Who for excitement was crazy  
Wouldn't put up with that sort.  
Waiting around while you shiver  
Just for a flicker of flame  
As an amusement, we venture,  
Is most decidedly tame.

Hope, we are told, springs eternal.  
Here it is put to the test,  
Watching the smoldering embers  
Doing so far from their best.  
Blowing and poking and scraping,  
Giving the damper a turn,  
Knowing that coaxing is useless  
When it is set not to burn.

Such a provoker of temper,  
Such an incentive for talk—  
How one enriches the language  
Tempting the furnace to balk!  
Men who are weak in their grammar,  
Shy in their phrasing as well,  
Eloquent grow and loquacious  
When they are under its spell.

Nothing to do but do nothing  
While it is taking its time,  
Nothing to do but think daggers  
Steeped to the handle in crime,  
Useless to frown or to whittle,  
Useless to stir at the grate,  
Men of experience only  
Wrap in a blanket and wait.

## Big Cargo, Little Ship.

An old official of the navy tells the following story of a conversation he heard between two old sailors:

"It was a rat ship I was sailin' in that trip," said one of the shellbacks "one of the dingiest rat ships I ever knew. They was rats in it from bow to stern, rats in the hold, in the galley in the steerage, in the fo'castle, in the old man's room—everywhere rats nothin' but."

"Bimeby it got so bad we had to put in an' get them off. So we hooked up to a dock an' fumigated. I was on deck, an' I saw them rats leavin'. I counted 'em. They was 15,000,000 of 'em."

"Fifteen million?" asked the other "Ain't that a lot o' rats? Are you sure?"

"Sure! Yes, I'm sure. They was 15,000,000 rats, and I counted 'em. More than that, every rat weighed half a pound. They was big, fat, sassy ones, I'm tellin'."

"Fifteen million rats, and every one weighed half a pound, and they all came off your ship. That's 7,500,000 pounds of rats. Say, Jim, what was the tonnage of that ship?"

"Oh, about a hundred and fifty tons."

—Judge.

## His Sarcastic Apology.

A well known New Yorker figured in a quaint encounter with a "panhandler" not long ago. The fellow had asked him for a dime, when the following conversation took place:

"You're a positive nuisance! Tuesday you struck me for a dime, Thursday I gave you another, and now you have the nerve to ask for a third!"

"Excuse me, but are you the gent that gave me a dime on this corner the day before yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And now I've tackled you for the third time?"

"Yes."

"Waal," said the hobo contritely, "I sincerely beg your pardon, old man. That's too much gall even for me. The only excuse I have to offer is that you have improved so much in your personal appearance that I didn't recognize you."—Cleveland Leader.

## Both Stung.

Some time ago an eminent London physician requested an equally eminent surgeon to accompany him to see a distinguished but slippery patient. The patient was exceedingly polite to both the medical gentlemen, shaking hands with them and bowing them out of the room in the most affable manner. Soon after this professional visit the same physician called again on the

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surgeon, requesting him to accompany him to see another patient. On their way thither the surgeon observed, "I hope this patient will behave more liberally than the last did."  
"Why?" said the M. D. "Did he not give you a fee?"  
"Not a shilling," was the reply.  
"Indeed!" said the eminent physician, with a toss of the head. "Why, he borrowed 2 guineas from me to give to you!"—Tit-Bits.

## Trapped.

The man was neither neatly nor well dressed. He was plainly a tramp, begging, and had just turned away from one passerby when he saw a young man walking briskly toward him. "Please, mister," said the tramp, "can you give me a dime to get something to eat?"

The young man stopped. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Can't get work," said the other glibly. "I haven't had a bite to eat since yesterday morning. Pawned all my clothes 'cepting these. Slept under a wharf for a week, and I don't know anybody in the whole city—honest, I don't."

The young man looked at the tramp's smooth face, over which a razor had evidently passed very recently.

"Who shaved you this morning?" he asked, and as the beggar faded away the young man grinned and walked on down the street.—Youth's Companion.

## A Master Tactician.

"Why," expostulated the lady in the brown dress when the artist who had painted a portrait of her little daughter said the price of the picture was \$100, "you charged Mrs. Crawford only \$68 for the picture you painted of her Lucy."

"I am aware of that fact, my dear madam," the suave and polite artist hastened to explain, "but you must consider the great difference in the costs of the paints used for the hair of the two children. The scant, drab colored hair of the Crawford child required just a touch of the cheapest kind of pigment, but the wonderfully beautiful and luxuriant curls of your lovely daughter required a large quantity of the best paints on the market."

Then the lady in the brown dress smiled, took out her purse and begged the artist's pardon for having spoken rudely to him.—Chicago News.

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How Long He Tarried.  
"Have you been waiting for me long?" he said.  
"Waiting for you long! I should say I have."  
"Not so awfully long?"  
"Indeed I have."  
"Well, how long?"  
"The rept has fallen due since I have been waiting."

Material Evidence.  
"Do you believe in the faith cure?"  
"Implicitly."  
"You think it is good, do you?"  
"I know it."  
"You've seen many cures, I suppose."  
"Well, I know a man that makes \$3,000 a year at it."

Prepared.  
"We all should lay by something for a rainy day."  
"Should we?"  
"Certainly."  
"Then I am all to the good."  
"Fine! How much have you got?"  
"Gum shoes, a slicker and a bottle of liniment."

How He Felt.  
"It is awful," said the landlady "how everything has gone up."  
"It is," said the sympathetic boarder.  
"All of the necessities of life."  
"Too bad prunes hadn't gone up with them."

All He Wanted.  
"I got an order for a poem today."  
"When are you going to write it?"  
"I ain't going to write it."  
"But I thought you said you had an order for it?"  
"Yes, but I got my pay in advance."

Query.  
"Why don't we eat meat?"  
"Because we can't afford it."  
"Well, there's one thing that I'd like to know."  
"What is it?"  
"Who does afford it?"